

**Q:** Good afternoon. Today is August 17, 2016. My name is Kim Hewitt and I'm here at the Newton Free Library with Robert Ellertsen. Together we are participating in the Newton Talks Oral History Project that is being conducted with the Newton Free Library, Historic Newton, and the Newton Senior Center. So, can you start off by telling us what is your connection to Newton?

**A:** Sure. So, I've lived in Newton for more than 40 years now and I'm still in the same house in the Waban Village of Newton, and that's my connection.

**Q:** What were you doing before you entered the service?

**A:** So, when I was thinking about what to say today I think that is really important for a lot of people when they're talking about their experience in military service. So, what I was doing for the four years before is that I had a deferment, so I was 18 years old, I went into college in 1963. Most people didn't really know that much about Vietnam. There was some military activity going on there with the United States. I believe we lost over a hundred servicemen who were killed in '63, but this was a very small number compared to what was going to be happening coming forward.

So, because I was a middle class guy, a White guy, my parents were able to send me to college. I went to a college in Pennsylvania, Gettysburg College, where virtually everyone was White and we were mostly middle class. Some were paying their way through. Many of them were getting a lot of assistance from their parents. So, while the war was building up for the next four years we were living life pretty much the way we would have if there had been no war going on at all. While I was and others were reading newspapers and magazines that would have pictures about the war, a lot of them would have articles about the coming war, the expansion of the war, often with pictures of people in military service, sometimes with fires in the background while someone is on the radio, sometimes on what appears to be a very hot day, people walking through tall grass, American soldiers, occasionally with Vietnamese people being very harsh

with others. There was a famous one where a couple of individuals, young men are in a canoe with their hands tied behind them and their eyes blindfolded while other apparently Vietnamese people are interrogating them with weapons and so forth.

So, these images were going on in the background, but in the meantime for me my fraternity's soccer team, one year we won and we were in the school's yearbook that year because of the victory we had in intramural soccer, and I was doing a lot of things that people did in college. And so for those four years before the war started it was like it wasn't happening, and in the meantime people were volunteering or being drafted and were going into the service at the same age as the age that I was then, between the ages of 18 and 22. And as it would turn out when the war ended and the statistics were kept the average age of a person who was killed in Vietnam was 23 years old, but the median age was 21, and many of those people had been in the service for a year or so before they were killed.

So, at the age that was sort of the prime age for going into the service and at the age where you were likely to be killed, during that time I was in college doing all the things that a college person normally would do.

**Q:** So then how did you join? What reason did you have for choosing the specific service?

**A:** So, what happened was I got very worried when we got to the end of the spring of 1967 when I graduated. I was 22 years old. I did not believe in the war. I was not a demonstrator or anything like that. But I had come to the belief that the war was a terrible error and that it was a mistake of which the leaders of our country could not find a way out, and I did not want to serve in that war. However, unlike friends of mine who were too thin, too tall, my best friend from high school who was the Athlete of the Year in our senior year in high school was 4F, that means you don't serve in the service, because he was too tall. The star of the basketball team and soccer team was unfit for military service. Others that I knew were going to continue their deferment by going to

Graduate School. One of my college roommates, one of my good friends was going to be a veterinarian, so if you were going into veterinary medicine and to take care of animals you didn't have to go in either.

A few people that I knew of were thinking of being conscientious objectors or going to Canada, but I really didn't know anyone at the time who was doing that, and so I figured I had to go in. And so, like many people at that time, I volunteered. The way I volunteered was I read up about various ways to volunteer and with some encouragement from my brother who was an enlisted man in the Air Force at that time I believed that the way that I could most likely not get killed, not likely to have hardship, not likely to have a really bad outcome was if I went in as a Navy Officer.

And so about two or three weeks before my graduation date I went to the Philadelphia Naval Base, I volunteered, took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and was relieved that I would not be drafted into the Army. So my biggest goal at that time was not to be drafted in the Army. I just didn't want to do that. And by volunteering for the Navy I had a good chance, not 100% certainty but a good chance that I would not have to fight for two years in the Army in that war.

**Q:** So, how did you adapt to military life, including the physical regimen, the barracks, food, social life, all of that?

**A:** So, once I had signed up it was interesting, I did get my draft notice about maybe two weeks after I graduated from college. I would have been going in right away and if I had said at that time, "Wait, I'm going to go into the Navy" it would have been too late, they would have had me for two years. But fortunately, because I had signed up for the Navy and volunteered, that was not valid anymore.

The Navy couldn't fit me in right away for Officer Candidate School, so I had a continued four months of deferment waiting to go to Officer Candidate School, then I got in, the school was four months, and so that meant through March of 1968 now almost the equivalent of being the end of the year of college I was going to have at the very least a deferment, and if I graduated from the school I would have a 100% certainty of not going into the Army.

The school was very challenging for me. The academics were hard. The physical requirements were hard. Probably the hardest to me was the sleep deprivation. The belief was that if you're going to be an Officer in the Navy at times if you're on a dangerous situation with ships you might have to be going for a 24, 48 hours, whatever, without a break, without sleep, and if you couldn't handle that now you wouldn't be able to handle it then. So, by Friday evening, Saturday morning each week that I was there I was really exhausted, and when they gave us time off for 24 hours from noon time on Saturday to noon time on Sunday I spent the first three, four, five hours asleep in my room, trying to catch up, and on Sunday when I got there I got as much rest on Sunday morning when I was back, rather than doing fun things, much of that 24 hour period that I had I slept and rested. So, that was one thing that I did.

Another thing that happened was when I was there I was concerned about really wanting to go to sea that much. If you're in the Navy you're supposed to go to sea. One of my classmates asked a question in class one time of the instructor, a very nice instructor, "What kind of service if you go into the Navy would have the most Shore Duty?" And the instructor really hit the ceiling and said, "You join the Navy, you go to sea." And his tirade against this individual, this poor individual who graduated at the end, and the rest of us, he pointed his finger around to all of us at the class and said, "All of you are going to sea." But one of my classmates and myself there did not, because the Navy Officer Flight Officer School needed more people to go into that program.

Something I realized afterwards, they just needed bodies. So many things with a large bureaucracy is when you need bodies, and so they had slots, they didn't have enough candidates

coming through in Florida, in Pensacola where they had an alternative Officer Candidate School, and so they recruited from where I was up in Newport, Rhode Island. And so I signed up for that just before I graduated from Officer Candidate School, and that is sort of how I coped with the issue of going to sea.

Certainly one of the happiest days of my life was when I graduated from Officer Candidate School. The school was behind me. I was proud that I graduated. And the last week or so that I was there for the 30 men that were in my, young men that were in my section, we were just so overjoyed, just happiness like I had never really experienced before. None of us were going to be drafted.

When I looked at my, preparing for this, looked at my, there is like a yearbook, we were only there for four months, so I don't know what you call a book for four months, but I have a picture of each person who graduated, each Officer Candidate, and they showed among other things what their experience was in college, what their major was. So, in my, just on the one page that my picture was on one was from Forestry, another was Hotel Administration, Accounting, Economics, Chemistry, two of the individuals had MBAs, one from Columbia University.

Why would people who had been studying Forestry or who had an MBA from Columbia University suddenly volunteer to take part in the war effort at that time? My belief is that virtually everyone was there to avoid being drafted into the Army. That is why we really were there. The school was set up so about 10% of the students would fail, and so in my section of 30 we happened to hit the average right on target, three of my members of my section didn't make it. The sadness that these individuals had was just hard to describe. One person was just crying and all. Part of it was the embarrassment of not completing the program, but the other was that he knew he was going back to his Draft Board. That was the one thing that they could do to discipline us there, and the fear of being returned to the Draft Board, the administration knew it and all of us knew it, was a tremendous motivating factor.

So, my total class of 500, they graduated in March of 1984, virtually all of whom were White, all of whom were college graduates, I believe most of whom would be considered middle class, we all moved on now to our life in the Navy with a pretty good assurance that we were not going to be suffering some terrible hardships, that we were going to probably have a good meal or three meals a day to eat, that we would sleep in our own bed at night with clean sheets, and that our chances of being killed were pretty small.

I never did follow up with my classmates, but I did a Google search one time, and the ones that I was able to find on the Google search all went on to have various types of lives. I couldn't find any of them that had died, certainly they're not in the Vietnam Memorial or anything like that. So, to the best of my knowledge my whole group got through fine as far as that is concerned.

**Q:** So, where exactly did you serve?

**A:** So, I served first in Newport, Rhode Island for four months in Officer Candidate School. Then I was in Pensacola, Florida for four months. And so Flight School was another situation where virtually everyone was White, virtually everyone was middle class. Some of the folks there, however, some of the young guys there had really wanted to fly, so unlike the school in Newport where there were very few people who really were craving to go to the sea and to be on ships, at Pensacola there were many people there who these guys, a lot of them really wanted to fly, so it was somewhat of a different group.

And so for the four months there, that I was there, I was struggling through that program as well, just like at Newport. My grades were below average. I was feeling a lot of stress. I have a photograph here of what I looked at that time, when I sent it home to my parents they, I guess in the terms of those days they freaked out, because I was so thin. The heat, the physical

requirements, the stress were such that I had really, I lost a lot of weight and I was really, really thin.

I was in excellent shape with all of the swimming that we did and the running and all of the other physical activities, so I was in excellent shape, but I couldn't get enough calories. I couldn't eat enough calories to keep up with all of the physical exertion and the stress that was going on. So I was there for four months. I had a solo flight. I actually had four flights and I got a certificate for which I am very proud. And I really tried hard. But I could see that my grades were near the bottom of the class, and that meant that if I got my wings, if I stayed in, if I did actually get them, which I believe I would have if I had stayed in, I would have been flying helicopters off the coast of Vietnam, putting myself in a situation of danger that I was trying to avoid in the first place by not going into the Army, and that is hazardous duty. And I greatly admire people in the Navy who were Navy pilots of all types, it was hazardous duty, along with people in the regular seagoing Navy who did the swift boats. Those were two that were very dangerous services. But anyway, I decided to drop out. My sinuses were killing me, but I just didn't like flying and I was, I didn't want to become a helicopter pilot.

The Navy, interestingly to me, did not require me to do all sorts of things to drop out. You could just drop out. And I told them I didn't want to fly and the next thing I knew I was waiting for new orders. Sort of logically they made me an Aircraft Maintenance Officer. I went to another school for that. So, here is another three months, I'm in Memphis, Tennessee now, and I'm there with a bunch of Officers, mostly young like me, White guys for the most part, and I went through that school. So now I had been in for 11 months from the day that I first went into Officer Candidate School and 15 months from the day I graduated college, and all I had really done in the military was wait to go in and then be at school.

Luckily, they sent me, the Navy sent me to Lakehurst, New Jersey, my fourth and last destination, and there I was an Aircraft Maintenance Officer, a job that I took extremely

seriously during the time that I was there. I just might mention parenthetically all this was happening when I was very young, and I think for many other people who will be speaking on this, we were all, almost of us, we were very young at the time of this, so we're making decisions as best we could. I was making these decisions for myself as far as going to Officer Candidate School, not wanting to be in the Army, going to Flight School and so forth, I did those on my own. I didn't have like a mentor or a guide or an agent. I was just doing this on my own, as were so many of the other people there. There was no internet where you could check things out. There wasn't much of information available. You just sort of got information and then with the least you had you did what you could.

So, here I was now 23 years old, and I'm in Lake Hurst, New Jersey, and while the war is raging on in 1968 and 1969, 1968 being the year of the most servicemen, American servicemen dying, 1969 being the second or third biggest year, I was living in a house with four other Officers off base on Barnegat Bay in New Jersey, Toms River, New Jersey. And it was a five bedroom house. We each had our own bedroom. The other four guys had boats, so it was a couple speedboats and a couple of sailboats. I basically had a 10 hour day that I would be in uniform on the base and then most days I would go home. The weekends, most weekends I would be home in Toms River.

If I wanted to go home to my home home where my parents were on Long Island, New York I could get in my car and I could drive and be with them. So, I was with them for Thanksgiving and Christmas in 1969, just like I had been in 1968, so for much of my experience I was not in any kind of real danger, but certainly I was reading about what was going on in the war at that time.

I think the most difficult for me was when the issue of *Life Magazine* came out with, I think it was titled something like "Last Week's" or "Week's Dead in Vietnam." And there was about 240 military service people who had been killed in a recent week that apparently they took by



random, and they were able to get pictures for virtually every one, and a few facts about how old they were, what their rank was, and so forth. And what struck me was the ages of these people. Occasionally there would be someone in their 30s or 40s, and those individuals were sort of bringing the average age of a dead person up somewhat to the 23 that was the final average, but so many were 19, so many were 19, 20, and 21. So that was really bad.

But in the meantime what I was doing was I was the shortstop on the softball team, I was on the golf team, and I made the base newspaper, because I had a really good round one time and my team won, the basketball team, I did a lot of sports. I would have dinner often at the Bachelor Officers' Quarters. I take my laundry in each week or every two weeks, whatever, they did my laundry for me, the military did, and they took care of a lot of my needs. And then at home there was a women's college nearby, there were women to date that were happy to be out with Navy Officers. I had a nice car. And so for the most part the war wasn't affecting me at all, except that I knew in the background that people were dying, including two of my high school classmates, one Billy Polchow (?) [00:21:26] who was a Marine, and the Vietnam Memorial War Site, Wall Site they have a photograph of him. He was 23 years old when he died there. And then a closer friend of mine, Dick Ferguson, who just lived a couple blocks away from me who I had known since fifth grade. He had been drafted and he was in the Army and he got killed there also while I was serving.

A total of eight people in my hometown were killed, Fort Washington, New York, which is about a third the size of Newton. It's a Newton-like suburb outside of New York. And so it has its own small Vietnam wall and there is eight names on there, including my two buddies. So, I'm not sure if I took us too far afield with that description.

**Q:** No, that's excellent. So, with all that being said, do you recall the day the service ended, and what was that like transitioning back to civilian life from base life?

**A:** So, there were two big days for me, and so when I started I said I thought it was important for those four years before for most people, the ending for some people, there is like two ending dates. So I remember the first ending date, which is my last day in uniform. So what happened for me, another fortunate thing, the military, the Navy was reducing its, doing a reduction in force in November of 1969, so I had only been in uniform, including Officer Candidate School, for only two years and maybe a month, and I got a notice, as did the other Aircraft Maintenance Officers who were there on my base, that for all of us as individuals we could choose to stay for our remaining year and three months that we had, stay in for six months, or we could choose to get out immediately.

So I took the immediately. And so on November 28<sup>th</sup>, 1969, about maybe three days after I got the letter, four days after the letter, I packed up my uniform and all my belongings and stuff in my car, said goodbye to my roommates, paid whatever rent I had left, and I drove home. So that was the first one. The drive only took like four or five hours. It was just like any other day almost. Then I was, as it turned out I would not be in uniform again. However, when you sign up for something like the Navy to become a Navy Officer your commission really lasts for six years, so I had served in uniform for a couple of years, but I still had four years plus to go, so it wasn't until March 8<sup>th</sup> of 1974 that I got a letter, actually a week or two before that, saying that my obligation to the Navy Reserve was now done.

So, for those four years had things gone differently with the war or other things the Navy could have called me back to service at any time for any reason. I had my uniforms and everything else, everything else that I needed in my parents' home so that I would have been able to go back on the drop of a hat. And so when I got that second letter and I was really out for good I was up here in the Boston area, and I can remember I celebrated pretty hard that day with some of my other buddies up here who I befriended, several of whom also went through Navy Officer Candidate School. I didn't know them at the time when I was there, but I befriended them up here in Boston, and the reason we knew each other was we all used the GI Bill to help us get a

Graduate degree, MBA, probably something that none of us would have had happen to us except for the fact that as, looking back, privileged White guys, we got a chance to go to Officer Candidate School, we had a time through the service that was not too stressful for us, we weren't injured, we didn't have PTSD as far as I know, we got out pretty much the same person as we were when we went in, and we were able to get the GI Bill, so that helped me, because we, all of us, at least that I knew, we put ourselves through.

**Q:** Where did you go for your MBA?

**A:** So I went to Boston University, and so after I got out, when I got out right away from the military I didn't have any plans. My parents are a little stunned to see me-- Well, I called them, but all of a sudden they had me home without a job. It's maybe I was a little bit early. These days there is a lot of people who sort of live in their parents', young adults in their parents' basement. All of a sudden they had me there. But also being privileged, my dad who was just a middle class guy, but he knew someone who worked for the phone company in Manhattan and he knew that I would like to live and work in Manhattan, I got an interview, and because I was a, had been a Navy Officer that really helped in the interview. So I got a job, a really nice, a good paying Executive job in Manhattan with a good enough salary that I could have my own apartment in Manhattan and I could live and work there. And so it was one more extension of the benefits that I had from the very start that gave me a chance to do these things.

So, I worked for a year there and made some really good money as a Junior Executive, and I didn't really like my time there and it really wasn't going all that well when I was there, and then I decided when I saw what other people did in the company that had Master's degrees I really thought, "If you're going to get ahead in the business world having a Master's degree really is a big help." And so I applied up in Boston University, got in, and did that.

**Q:** So, you've been in the area since then?

**A:** That's right. I moved to the Boston area, and once I came up here, like so many young people, Boston just has so much, the Boston area has so much that is out there.

**Q:** So, how did your service and experiences affect your life and your outlook on war and military in general?

**A:** Well, I read a lot about this when I was young and this was going on, but I actually did some reading now that I'm retired and in preparation for this, and I've been thinking about this for a long time. When I look back at it, some of us who went through who had an experience sort of like mine, the war didn't really affect us that much and it really hasn't defined us. Sometimes if I'm in a group and they say, "Are there any veterans here?" I sort of have to think for a minute. I don't think of myself really that much as a veteran, even though I did my duty and I served my time. It was just two years in my life where I wasn't exposed to too many horrible things. I did have to go to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital on occasion to get papers signed. Certainly that was kind of traumatic for me, but it was just for one day, and when I saw these soldiers that were so beaten up there, but it wasn't very traumatic.

But for many people this is one of the big defining moments of their life and of who they are now, and many people are very proud of their service, and as they should be, many people believe that the war was right. All during the Vietnam era, even though the war lost popularity every year that the war was going on, clearly it was losing popularity, there was still plenty of people who all during the war believed in it and after it was over believed in it and still believe in it.

My view is that this was something that was sort of a bureaucratic mistake. The people in our government who were involved with the decisions early on were not intending for this to happen. This sort of mushroomed, and the person who was the President, Lyndon Johnson, wanted to do

other things. He was really thinking about the War on Poverty and domestic issues, and he could not find a solution to this war, nor could the Generals. So, when I think back on it I think of this as a really big error.

But I think for the most part that people who made a lot of decisions, they thought they were doing the right thing at the time. It just, in my opinion, it was wrong. And certainly when we look back on this there were more than 58,000 American soldiers who died in the military. The expenditures, although it's hard to get accurate expenditure numbers of something as complicated as a war, but in today's dollars I believe the consensus is that the war cost more than a million dollars in, I'm sorry, a trillion dollars in today's dollars.

Sometimes when people look back on the war we don't think that much, this particular war, about other people who died. Apparently about 1.3 million people who were not American military died. I'm sure plenty of these were like farmers or small businesspeople working in the cities or out in the countryside, not really all that involved in world events and all, just trying to live close, kind of close to the subsistence level, and 1.3 million were gone. Also, the war sort of morphed into other things, went into Cambodia and elsewhere, so there is lots more killing. The Cambodian was really, really terrible.

I think when this war started, the official date I believe is in 1964 with the Gulf of Tonkin incident, when those ships, the North Vietnamese ships that may have attacked, it's cloudy on this, but they may have attacked American ships, I don't think anybody was thinking that 10 years later that there would be more than a million people dead there as a result of the war and that we would have more than 58,000 Americans that were going to die.

So, my belief is that the war was a terrible error. I admire those who volunteered and who served and I also understand greatly those who objected conscientiously or did other things with regard to this. And sort of the final thought I have just on this particular question is the Officer

Candidate School I went into in Newport had 500 people go through a month, so it was about 6,000 a year. I believe that the vast majority of us were primarily there to avoid the draft. So, we served, and people could say we were volunteers, other people volunteered for other parts of the service, so occasionally when people look back and they say, "Well, you know, two-thirds of the people who died in the war were volunteers. It's not that they were in the Army and were drafted sort of against their will. They were volunteers," my belief that many of the volunteers were doing something somewhat similar to what I was doing, which was we volunteered so that we wouldn't get drafted. We volunteered so that if we had to serve we wanted to serve in a way that was more for our needs.

But I am sure that some were like my friend Billy Polchow (?) [00:33:00]. He wanted to be a Marine. He wanted to fight. He wanted to go in and fight in the war, and he did, and unfortunately in doing that his life was cut short.

**Q:** Can you tell me about some of your most memorable experiences?

**A:** So, on one of the questions that was on this, which is a certain thing related to that, was were there like humorous experiences, so I'm glad to have the question asked that way, because I would be uncomfortable to talk about humorous experiences, because since my situation was so privileged compared to others that I sort of don't feel entitled that much to talk about all the good times. Certainly there are plenty of good times. Obviously there were a lot of good times. I had Shore Duty the whole time for two years and there were certainly plenty of times when I was relaxed and happy and funny things happened, but I don't really feel that that is, I'm just not entitled to talk about that when there was this war going on.

But there were a few moments that were memorable. One was when Martin Luther King Jr. was shot. So I had just gone down to Flight School in Pensacola, Florida, and as soon as I got there, like the day I got there the President, Lyndon Johnson, said he would not run and would not

serve if elected as President. He was tired of being President. I think there is a number of reasons going on, but certainly one was the war and his inability to make it go the way he wanted it to was a terrible burden on him, and he was getting so much opposition from people who were angry and were against the war. So that was like the first day or so that I was there, but only like two or three days later Martin Luther King Jr. was shot and killed in Memphis, Tennessee.

So, in the morning we would all get dressed up, all the Officers in our white uniforms, and for the flag raising and for the orders of the day, which is what Navy tends to do in most locations. And so occasionally they would mention something, if there was something in the news, because a lot of us were so involved in what we were trying to do, get through the school that we didn't really follow what was going on. So they mentioned that he had died. I think perhaps some people there, a few people might not have even really been that much aware of who he was as certainly many, most people in the public did. And I remember somewhere in this vast group of a few hundred young Officers that were there a voice starting to speak very slowly, saying, "I don't know what the fuss is all about. He was just," and then he used a very common, totally objectionable word after that.

So, certainly when I was there there was quite a bit of racism, and I think many people who were outspoken about their racism felt pretty comfortable, because most everyone there was White and for those who weren't comfortable with it, like myself, to speak out, we just sort of let it ride, I think that was a common thing that people did at that time. So, certainly that was a low point for me.

Another memorable moment was when I actually got my orders after I had stopped flying. There were a bunch of us who had stopped flying and who had gone through the Officer Candidate School in Newport and here we were down in Florida, and the Flight Program wasn't working out for us one way or the other, either people dropped out or had been dropped out by the program, and there was a delay in the orders that went for a couple of weeks. And the day when

they came in I remember it was just the luck of the draw, and one person got Adak, Alaska and the guy broke down and cried when he got his orders. We knew where that was, which was in the middle of the North Pacific. There is the Aleutian Islands sort of going at a semicircle below the Bering Strait, and right in the middle is Adak. It's really one of those places you could say is in the middle of nowhere.

So, I remember how upset he was. He was not popular with a lot of the rest of us, so I also can remember some of this, I think, *schadenfreude* is the term where you take pleasure in someone else's sorrow, and so he got that, but certainly that kind of duty and being in an isolated place for a long period of time was probably one of the more, less desirable things. That could have been me. I have a feeling that the ones giving out the orders for this just had names on one side and orders, pages with orders on the other, and it's just when his name came up he got Adak, Alaska and when my name came up I got a base that was only a few hours' drive from my home.

**Q:** So it looks like our time is about wrapping up. Is there one more thing that you would like people a hundred years from now to know about your time in the service or just to know?

**A:** Yes. I think it was just one thing. Many people, including me, think the war was a terrible, terrible mistake, and I don't know what the world would have been like if we did not do that. There was fears about Communism. There was fears about what would happen if Communism was allowed to spread in Southeast Asia. Maybe the world would have been worse if we didn't get involved, but for the United States to fight a war on the other side of the globe with all of those lives, all of that expense for such a long period of time I think was a terrible mistake. And I think that there are lessons that we can learn from things like this, but not everyone learns the same lessons, and I think that the lesson from this was not learned years later from other things that we have become involved in. I think this was a real warning as to what can happen if you're in a country on the other side of the world for a long period of time, a sad, sad thing. And I'm just so glad for myself that as a young person making decisions as someone who is 22, 23, and



24 years old that the decisions that I made worked out well for me and that I was able to, unlike 58,000 other people, I was able to live my whole life and have the great life that I have right up to this day.

**Q:** Thank you. Thank you so much for taking the time to do this with us. We're very happy to be able to include you in the Newton Talks Oral History Project. Thank you.

**A:** Thank you.

END OF INTERVIEW